

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion
in Algiers

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SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Arnaud, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. Captain Arnaud's room Farquhar forces Bower to have Preston's I O U's returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his room by Gabrielle Smith. Bower demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Bower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mme. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destin. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar, on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud. Arnaud justifies his insanely jealous action to Colonel Destin. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destin behind the mosque.

A heartless wife sees her husband going mad because she does not love him, but she refuses to give him even a friendly smile. She refuses to make amends even when she learns that he is killing by torture the man she really loves. Is such a woman worth any man's affections?

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"What is it, Desire? Had we not better wait until another time?"

"What I have to say is said quickly. A volunteer corps is being formed for Tonkin. I have offered for service. If I am accepted you will accompany me."

"I refuse."

"On what grounds?"

"I simply cannot. You are absurd and melodramatic, Desire. I have given you my answer. Have you anything more to say?"

He got up quietly.

"Nothing."

She hesitated, then glanced at Gabrielle Smith with a pretty expressive shrug of the shoulders, and passed calmly out of the room. But the little appeal had been ignored. Gabrielle was watching the man standing motionless in the lamplight. After a moment she came up to him and placed a cup on the table near him.

"Your tea, Captain Arnaud."

He started nervously.

"My tea—oh, thank you. I had forgotten. You are very good—a sort of administering and practical angel." He tried to laugh. "Does nothing ever upset you? I believe in the middle of an earthquake you would still come up to me and say in your quiet, homely sort of way, 'Your tea, Captain Arnaud,' and make me feel that earthquakes were the most trivial occurrences possible."

"They are at least more frequent than the seismographs would have us suppose," Captain Arnaud.

"What does that mean?"

He turned his heavy lightless eyes to her face. She met the interrogation quite calmly, her hands clasped in front of her with prim precision.

"I mean that I know something of what has happened," she said.

"For instance?"

"I know what happened at the Villa Bernotto's."

It was very silent in the shadowy room. Arnaud had not moved. But over his white, vice-marked features there quivered the first signal of re-awakened consciousness.

"How did you know?" he asked quietly.

"I can't tell you. I guessed. Something you said made me understand that you hated Mr. Farquhar."

"You know his name?"

"I know him."

"Well?"

"I was in the dark—I am still. But I was almost sure of one thing. And that was I who warned the patrol."

"You wanted to trap me?"

"I wanted to save you both."

He turned away from her then with a trembling gesture of incredulity.

"You wanted to save me from what—from murder? Was it worth while? Don't you know what I am? Ask my wife. She can tell you—a drunkard, an opium-smoker, a dissolute—"

"A madman, Captain Arnaud."

"How do you know that? I have been trying to hke it from everyone. But you are right. I am mad—obsessed. They say some mad people suffer tortures from the knowledge of their madness. I am like that. I know that I am mad, and I am in hell. I can see the days that are to come—horrid misshapen horrors, crowding along the path and waiting to spring on me."

He caught hold of her by the hand, and his quiet, terrible voice dropped to a whisper. "Today was a red-faced devil—you know, like the one you saw that night. I dragged myself so that I should not wake until it had gone. But you cannot cheat the devil with

opium. I went out on to the plateau. Farquhar was there. Poor Farquhar! My heart was sick for him. They had torn my bullet out of his shoulder, and he held himself like a man. I wanted to let him go, but I knew it was no good to try, so I sent him and a dozen others over the plateau at the double. You understand—it was a mile or more, and he looked as though there wasn't a drop of blood in him. He fainted—over the body of a comrade whom he had tried to help. I marvelled that he had gone so far. The sergeant ordered him up, but he did not move. He was unconscious. But that did not count; he had disobeyed orders. We are very severe with that sort of thing in the Legion. I had him strung up in the crapsauline. Do you know what that is, mademoiselle? We strap a man's wrists and ankles together behind his back and leave him like that for a day or two, out of doors, with a quarter of an hour's interval here and there to break the monotony. It used to be a very favorite punishment in the Legion. The good General Negrier abolished it, but now and again we revive it. I revived it. Richard Farquhar is out there now, on the plateau, and perhaps he will not live to see the morning. And he saved me—he saved—" The terrible dry whisper ended suddenly. Arnaud put his hands to his head with a movement of pathetic helplessness.

"Miss Smith—I—I am afraid I have been wandering—talking nonsense. You—do you not think I am altogether mad, do you?"

"No, no—Captain Arnaud—only worn out—exhausted. Come, I want you to lie down on this sofa here, and I shall put the lights out. You must promise me to try and sleep. On your word of honor."

"My word of honor? Oh, I don't think that's worth much nowadays. But I'll do anything you ask."

"I only ask of you to sleep and forget," she answered.

He nodded, yielding to her like a sick child, his eyes following her movements with an humble gratitude. She



"I'm Going to Act for You."

arranged the pillows beneath his head, and he took her hand and kissed it, diffidently, apologetically.

"I hope you don't mind. I expect if you knew what I was—what I had done, you would shrink from me."

"No, Captain Arnaud, if you were the devil himself I should not shrink from you."

"I don't believe you would. You'd comfort him—you'd tell him there was hope for him yet—that he wasn't altogether bad. My wife—" He faltered, and her grasp on his powerless hand grew firmer.

"Your wife is very young, Captain Arnaud. One day soon she will understand as I do."

"If that were true—possible—then I could sleep."

His eyes closed. A weak tremulous sigh quivered at the corners of his mouth. Noiselessly she turned out the lights and left him.

Sylvia Arnaud's room lay at the farther end of the corridor. Gabrielle knocked and immediately entered. Her manner, from that of quiet good humor, had become alert and hard. Her eyes were very bright, her mouth set in lines that for once betrayed no trace of humor.

"Your husband is very ill, Madame Arnaud," she said. "He is on the brink of a nervous breakdown—perhaps worse—and only you can save him. I came to warn you—"

"You are very kind, Miss Smith."

"This is not the time to exchange compliments. When he awakes you must go to him. You must tell him that you will accompany him to Tonkin. But you must act at once—before it is too late."

Sylvia Arnaud drew back, white and trembling, the first indulgent good humor turned to an incredulous anger.

"Miss Smith, are you forgetting—"

"That I am your paid companion? No. But it is in your or my power to make our status into that of absolute equality—this moment if you wish. Do you wish it?"

Sylvia stared blankly at the stern white face of the woman confronting her. Her anger had burned out like straw, and she was now only frightened and a little resentful.

"I—I don't want to lose you, Miss Smith," she stammered. "I know that you do not care for me; but in your strange way you have been friendly—and I—I am very alone. I have confidence in you. I am prepared to overlook the evening's outbreak."

"That's what you cannot and shall not do," was the grim answer. "You have driven your husband to the verge of madness, Madame Arnaud, and through madness to crime—to the murder of a man who surely was once dear to you."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Richard Farquhar."

"I forbid you—you are beside yourself—"

Gabrielle interrupted the indignant protest with a quiet decision tinged with irony.

"We are always beside ourselves when we tell the truth, Madame Arnaud. But fortunately I have not much more to say. Go to your husband—tell him that Richard Farquhar never was and never could be his rival in your affections—tell him whom it was you went to meet in the grove that night—"

"I cannot—what you ask is absurd."

The gray, neat little figure came closer.

"You are very lovely, Madame Arnaud," Gabrielle said very gently and almost reverently. "One understands why men suffer so much and patiently for you. A man's life is in your power. Whatever he has done he loved you. He still looks up to you as a saint in heaven. Madame Arnaud, such loyalty is rare. You dare not kill it!"

Sylvia laughed carelessly.

"That all comes too late," she said. "You cannot plead to me for pity. And justice! What justice dare you claim for an outcast—a cheat, a man whom all honest men shrink from—or for a dissolute rouse who has not shrunk from murder? They have earned their fate."

Sylvia rose instinctively to her feet, and they faced each other in the silence of unrelenting antagonism. The little gray-clad woman turned and went quietly toward the door. For the first time Sylvia's voice sounded breathless and anxious.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to act for you."

The door closed. Sylvia Arnaud ran to it, turning the key, set her back against it as though shutting out an unreasoned, nameless terror.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dreams.

There were dreams on the great plateau—unreal shapes which took their airy substance from the stars and from the white translucency of the Arabian night. Richard Farquhar saw them distinctly. In the first hours of twilight he had believed them the pigments of his own pulsing, fever-driven brain. And he had rolled over, hiding his face against the hard soil, and had bitten his lips bloody.

The melancholy hour between life and death was over, and slowly, with all the mysterious majesty of the East, night led out her shining myriads from the darkness into the waiting solitudes. Only the sentinel of the hour stood out as something living, a tall rigid shadow magnified by the silver ghostly light of the stars.

The sentry had turned and became suddenly an immense shadow. The shadow bent over him and whispered: "Are you awake, comrade?"

"Yes, of course I am awake," he said.

"How are you? Are you in great pain? Perhaps I could loosen the cord a little. Shall I try?"

"No, you will get yourself into trouble. I am all right."

"Mother of God! Your wrists are covered with blood. The devils! See, here is water. It will refresh you. You are a brave man. You have not cried out. If you had cried out they would have gagged you. They gagged a countryman of mine out there in Madagascar, and in the morning he was dead. There, drink!"

Farquhar turned his head away. Hitherto he had not been conscious of pain; now he knew it had been there throughout, at the back of his consciousness—a white-hot searing of his muscles, a frightful crushing weight, a hand that seemed to hold him by the throat, choking the breath from him.

"I cannot drink—"

He could not hear his own voice. He was not even sure that he had spoken at all. The shadow of the sentry seemed to envelop the whole earth, blotting out its own shape. But the whisper went on. It sounded so close to him that it seemed to have crept into his very brain.

The soldiers are in deepest sympathy with Farquhar. If he should organize a revolt they would follow him. Will he do so, after this torture, or will he heed the stern inner call of duty and honor? What would you do?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Venezuela's 1914 imports were valued at \$1,867,467.

WILL CAMPAIGN FOR LAND LOAN BANK

NASHVILLE WANTS ONE OF THE INSTITUTIONS AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS.

TO PRESERVE ORGANIZATION

Conference of Officers of First Tennessee Regiment Relating To the Selection of Colonel. Capital Gossip.

—Nashville.
This city has begun a determined campaign to secure one of the national land loan banks authorized by Congress under the rural credit bill. Committees have been selected by the various commercial bodies and at a joint meeting of the committee held a plan of work was agreed upon. The meeting was in one of the private dining rooms of the Commercial Club.

To Preserve Organization.
At a conference of officers of the First Tennessee Regiment at Camp Tom C. Rye it was decided to preserve the organization intact. A tentative agreement was reached as to the selection of a colonel for the regiment, but the question of their choice is still before them.

To Name Successor.
The order for an election in Company B to name the successor of Lieut. Thomas, who resigned, was issued by Adj. Gen. Charles B. Rogan. Military authorities assert that the customary five days' notice cannot be waived, but that the election must follow such procedure as is named in army regulations to be held legal. In this event, the regimental election must be postponed from July 22 to next week, since the new officer of Company B cannot vote until he receives his commission.

Abernathy Busy.
Terry Abernathy of Selmer, Republican nominee for railroad commissioner, was here laying his plans for a thorough campaign of the state between now and November. He conferred with friends and the leaders in this section of the state.

Mr. Abernathy is a law partner of his brother, Senator W. K. Abernathy. The nomination for railroad commissioner came to him without opposition.

Special To Shoals.

According to a letter that has been received by Secretary Manier of the Commercial Club from the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, a special train will be operated from Birmingham to Muscle Shoals at an early date. This train will be for the benefit of the members of the chamber of commerce and business men of Birmingham in order to give them an opportunity to inspect the shoals and consider the vast possibilities for development.

Rivalry Between East and West.

The Chickasaw Guards were detailed to guard duty at the Memphis camp, and some of the other companies thought to give them something to worry about. A disturbance on a large scale was started, and for a while the "Chicks" had a taste of real guard duty, and its most unpleasant features. They did not shrink their task.

Members of Troop B, Chattanooga, were doing guard house duty. The Chattanoogaans repeatedly warned the men from the Bluff City that they must cease their disturbances. Memphis adopted a defiant attitude.

One of the officers from Chattanooga took a hand. He had a hose brought. At 2 o'clock in the morning this was brought to bear on the unruly ones. Some of them took refuge in a corner where the hose could not get them, but a bucket brigade took care of them.

The Memphis bunch cooled down and stayed cool until morning. When word of the offense against compatriots went abroad in the camp, however, the West Tennesseans to a man vowed vengeance on the mountain boys, especially those from Chattanooga.

Fifteen Days Longer at Camp.

The indications are that we will be here for 15 days more at least," said Col. Carey F. Spence, upon receipt of a telegram from Adj. Gen. Simpson, stating that all troops will be fully equipped before going to the Mexican border.

The order from Gen. Simpson has upset the plans of the whole camp. Instead of leaving for the border, the Tennessee troops will remain at Camp Tom C. Rye for 15 or maybe more days. It all depends upon how soon Uncle Sam can furnish full equipment.

Investigate Pardons.

The board of pardon examiners met at the state prison to investigate a large number of applications for pardons and paroles. The sessions continued for three days. It is said that the number of applications is very large for both paroles and pardons.

Judge J. M. Steen of Memphis, who was recently appointed to the Shelby county election board on the recommendation of the elegant in Shelby favoring clean elections, was sent his commission and at once sworn in.

Effective Tailored Suit



The tailored suit is of perennial interest, for it is much the same and must reach the same standards in all walks of life. Nothing that women wear meets so many critical eyes, and women step down and up to a common level when they wear correct street clothes. Therefore the tailored suit is to be most carefully selected.

Wherever else she may be forced to practice economy every woman should give as much as she can for good material and good style in her tailored suits. Thanks to manufacturers there are ready-made suits of moderate price that command the respect of the most discriminating of women. The most effective suits follow current modes with so much reserve that they are not out of date with the passing of a single season. This is especially true of the materials of which the best tailored suits are made.

The suit shown here is an excellent

example of a standard suit, made of black and white checked material, which is never out of fashion. The skirt is plain and rather full and flares sufficiently to be in the mode. The coat is plain cut, with an easy adjustment to the figure, which is always smart, and has a full peplum and wide belt of the material. Patch pockets, odd band cuffs, and high plain collar depend upon neat machine-stitching and bone buttons for an always correct tailored finish. The buttons are white, bordered with a rim of black.

White washable gloves, black and white shoes, and a tailored hat faced with black belong in the company of this model suit. They complete the equipment of the wearer for the happenings of the day.

Julia B. B. B.

Trim and Neat for Breakfast Time



There are many dainty jackets designed for morning wear that go to no great lengths to make themselves attractive. They are, in fact, brief little garments whose story is soon told. But they are as sure of pleasing the eye and the good taste of women as is the wild rose. Here is one of them, made of the very palest shade of pink, in cotton voile, with a narrow satin stripe running through it. Scattered over the surface of the cloth, the smallest of roses, about as big as a pencil head, are set in equally diminutive leaves. The roses are in pink, deepening to the American Beauty shade.

This is about the simplest of all morning jackets and it doesn't take much calculation on the part of the least calculating woman to convince her that its cost is next to nothing. It only takes about three yards of voile a yard wide to make the body and sleeves. Any other sheer fabric will answer the purpose as well as voile, and there are numberless cotton weaves, including challie, organdie, lawn, batiste, mull and crepe, that are printed with all sorts of flower patterns.

The jacket pictured is plain with long shoulder seams and three-quarter length sleeves. It is cut to hang straight from the shoulders, and gathered in at the waistline by a ribbon run through a casing. The casing is made by stitching a strip of the main

rial to the under side of the jacket. The neck is trimmed to a V shape at the front and finished with a narrow facing, and the sleeves are faced also. All the seams are felled.

A row of val lace insertion and edging trims the bottom, having the edging whipped to the insertion with a little fullness, to form a scant frill.

A wide collar and cuffs of white organdie are finished with lace in the same way, and they are basted to the back and sleeves as a finish to the jacket. Collar and cuff sets are bought ready made and may be had for so low a price that it is hardly worth while to make them. The jacket fastens at the throat with a snap fastener.

Julia B. B. B.

Bellevue Bag.

A pretty workbag is shaped exactly like the brass and leather bellows which repays by your fireside. It is made of cretonne, two pieces cut in bellows shape, with a gusset of plain material set in at the sides. The whole bag is finished with braid, and a tassel dangles from the end. A strap of the cretonne which holds the two pieces together runs over the owner's arm. It closes with a snap on one side.